

# Killing Spree

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Summary: Poem about your basic slayer game...

## Killing Spree

**\*\* Killing Spree\*\***

"Slayer," a deep voice said with exclamation  
At once the soldier was filled with expectation  
"Twenty-five men I have to kill,"  
"I'll shoot them so their guts will spill,"  
At once he loaded his battle rifle  
To him, killing was a trifle  
"Bang, bang, bang," he heard from his left  
So he turned with a prowess deft  
He looked into his scope and pulled the trigger  
His victim, though, was filled with vigor  
Jumping and dodging the enemy was  
"He's a smart one, but he'll take a pause,"  
Surely enough the moment came  
Only then did the man take his aim  
When he shot he did so with precision  
Precipitating a death that was easy to envision:

Bang, bang, bang—three bullets of lead  
Followed by three more into his enemy's head  
The victory was quick, with no complications  
Four more followed, with almost no variations  
"Killing spree!" a deep voice said  
Soon, very soon, all his enemies would be dead  
"I'll snipe them, I will," he said as he headed for the sniper  
But he realized that he would be like the piper  
"Something more subtle, but far more deadly"  
"Something to add to my grand killing medley"  
"A vehicle would let me kill with ease,"  
So he looked 'round the canyon for something to please  
Just then, though, a purple haze caught his eye  
The soldier could sense his defeat draw nigh  
It approached fast, followed by streaks  
Although it was fast, the time seemed like weeks  
Waiting for the right moment, he finally jumped in the air  
Gleeful, he could hear his enemy swear  
The craft had crashed into the building behind him, you see  
Now one can see why he was filled with glee  
He approached the vehicle, submachine guns in hand  
He approached; he did, with a drama planned  
Throughout the canyon the shots rang  
Accompanied with a gigantic bang  
His newly acquired vehicle hovered over the canyon floor  
Fleeing his captor, he explored  
"Someplace to hide, someplace to cower,"  
But he found the answer: a weapon of power  
So he took the great gun and stared straight ahead  
And looked to his left, was that a tank tread?

Surely it wasâ€”the tank was still there  
Unaware of its cause and its coming despair  
Two rounds, he firedâ€”rockets, they were  
The ambushed man screamed, "You're a cur,"  
But it was too late: the tank had exploded  
And with its explosion the man reloaded  
"Nineteen to go," the soldier thought  
And with that his victory he brought  
Some reading this poem will be appalled; some will never be the  
same  
They don't realize that it's only \_Halo\_: a video game

End  
file.